

everlasting flame

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published by

S. A. Printing

rest, Toronto.

BE SURE YOU PURCHASE OUR

THE

CHARMING CHRISTMAS CRY.

# WAR CRY



VOL. III. No. 26.

WILLIAM BOOTH  
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.

TORONTO, DEC. 18, 1897.

EVANGELINE BOOTH  
Commissioner for North-Western America.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



IT WAS NEAR THE HOUR OF TEN ON A WINTER'S NIGHT. (See Next Page.)

(A SHORT STORY.)

## Rescued by the Army and the Angels.

(See Front Page.)

It was near the hour of ten on a winter's night. The streets were covered with slush, and it was drizzling rain, half-freezing as it fell. The wind moaned about the corners of the old buildings, and swayed the rickety signs, in the street occupied by pawn-brokers and rag-mongers.

Midway down the street an Italian dance-house, filled with a cursing mob of many colors, was in full swing, as a woman devoid of protection from the elements, staggered along, cast out into the street with her dying baby in her arms. Hungry and weak, with feverish haste, as much as her frail and tired body would allow, she went on towards the dark waters of the bay.

Dimly she heard the moaning wind and sounds of music mingled with curses. A little further on as she passed a drinking dive, the door was thrown open and a drunken man pushed out, who fell in a heap amidst the slush and mud. "To hell with you, to hell," and the door closed. This awful curse seemed, with the drizzling rain, to penetrate her very soul. "To hell," echoed down the street; it now lived and entered her brain. "Yes, my baby will go," then she laughed and sobbed. On they went, they two souls, precious souls, forsaken by man, barren of love, to be murdered by the world's neglect.

"My God, must it be so? Oh, my babe. To hell, to hell!" the very agony of the thought depriving her of reason. She held close to her breast the cold, little form, and struggled along.

"Not far now, my babe, not far." Then something seemed to clutch her heart and her brain was on fire. She heard a great throbbing sound. It seemed to her like the pulsation of a monster heart. Boom, boom, boom it sounded. Then she heard singing, and the tramp of many feet. Boom, boom, boom, and all grew dark.

It was a cheerful room and the bright winter's sun, alone in the woman was just awaking back to consciousness and the world. Two kind faces were bending over her, sweet, patient faces, and a voice said, "Do you feel better, dear?"

"Yes," said the woman, but my baby, where is he?" and the answer was sad, yet healing, "With the angels, my child."

## With the West Ontario Marine Band.

## A Twelve Mile Train is a Downpour of Rain.

The experiences of the Marine Band are varied. Sometimes it is no trouble at all to interest a crowd, whilst at other times it is very difficult, but at all times God is with us.

Since last report we have not been idle or sleepy. We have been driving on to victory. We often hear people say their trust is not in horses or chariots, but there is one thing, the Marine Band does depend upon horses and chariots, as that is our only mode of travelling. But while we depend upon our faithful team, Queen and Jesse, to convey us from place to place, we still depend upon God to give us victory.

We spent one week-end at Southampton and God came very near, and after a hard day's fighting we had the joy of seeing one soul converted to God.

After leaving Southampton we drove to

Kincardine and then to Tiverton. A full house both places. From Tiverton we went to Ripley. Here we had

## An Experience Never to be Forgotten by the Band.

Our advance agent had not been able to get word to us with reference to the arrangements made for our stay, and therefore we boarded at the hotel for tea, and not having any billets to stay at, our commodore decided we should drive to Wingham, a distance of twenty-four miles. So accordingly at half-past ten p.m. we struck out for Wingham. We soon found the road very heavy, and about 3 a.m. in the morning we found our team playing out. Four or five of the lads walked about twelve miles, and the rain poured down upon us, wetting us almost through. At four o'clock we called at a farm house, and asked the farmer, who happened to be an uncle of the commodore, to give us a place to stay. He was willing, and we arrived at Wingham at half-past seven a.m., being nine hours and a half on the road. We spent the week-end at Wingham, where we found the people in a very poor condition spiritually, but God gave us a message and we delivered it boldly.

After leaving Wingham we drove to Brussels. Arriving here we found every one looking forward to our visit. After an open-air we marched back to our hall which we found to be packed at the doors. Here God helped us to do a thorough work for Him.

Atwood and Milverton follows. Crowds and finances good. Strathroy comes next. Here we were reinforced by the presence of our P. O., Major Southall. My, what a time we did have, the Major leading. We had a nice crowd here. Everyone seemed delighted with the visit of the band.

Atwood is next on the list, but we must pass on to St. Catharines, where we are to spend the week-end. Arriving about

See?

Isn't many up in heaven  
By the whip an' spur was driven;  
Why! the blessed Lord was given  
Out o' kindness  
Cords of love He says to me,  
Don't stir round with hob-nailed shoes,  
'S ead o' helpin' folks be blind  
In yer blindness.

Cords of power, cords of gold,  
Won't stand nothin'. Get a hold  
O' the love that don't grow cold,  
That's what's drawin',  
Wind it round the Cross, an' then  
When it slackens—wind agen;  
Takes some pullin' to land men;  
No see-sawin'.

Make the cords of love real strong;  
Have 'em strong—not over long—  
Such as bear with hurt and wrong,  
Doesn't mind it.  
Don't be allus fearin' loss,  
Taint a game o' pitch-an'-loss,  
You've a pull upon the Cross;  
Get behind it.

Ropes like them can't never break,  
Pull 'em hard for Jesus' sake,  
Never mind the strain'th they take,  
He'll supply it.  
When you've drawed 'em to the place  
Where they see His blessed face,  
They'll be pleadin' for His grace,  
Glad to try it.

When they're landed safe an' sound  
Don't sit down, Go stirrin' round  
For the others to be found  
In sin pinin'.  
You'll forget the work an' care,  
When you see 'em all up there,  
In the Crown He's goin' to wear,  
Bright an' shinin'.

—S. C. C. C. C.

when we played out of the town. We had arrived and at night we were prepared to give an address. A first night of the band.

Sunday all day we were engaged in preaching in the town. We had a very good time. The band was very much pleased with the work.

At 10 o'clock we were called to a farm house, and asked the farmer, who happened to be an uncle of the commodore, to give us a place to stay. He was willing, and we arrived at Wingham at half-past seven a.m., being nine hours and a half on the road.

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THE GLOUT OUGHT TO SHINE OUT OF BOTH OUR FACES AND OUR WORKS.

## \*\*\*\*\* HOLY HELPS \*\*\*\*\*

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

## \*\*\*\*\* DEATH OF JOSEPH \*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* Jacob's Last Days \*\*\*\*\*

It has been 17 years in Egypt and was 17 years old. His last years had been very successful ones, spent among his children, and lovingly and tenderly cared for by his beloved Joseph. With his arm around him—not one missing after all—he breathed his last.

## Joseph's Grief.

How Joseph loved his father. His agony of grief when Jacob died showed that no wealth or power that he now possessed had taken from him his love for his father. He gave the last gifts he could ever give, and had his father embalmed. This is the Eastern custom for the preservation of the bodies and is most costly. It was especially necessary in this case as Jacob was to be buried so far away.

## More Kindly Favors.

We notice that with true respect to his master Joseph did not attempt to carry out his father's wish and take his body to Canaan without the King's permission. And seeing that he had been so faithful and useful a servant Pharaoh was quite prepared to grant his request.

## A Mighty Funeral.

Probably, such a great funeral procession the world has never seen either before or since. Even Pharaoh's servants went out of respect. At the head of the procession was Joseph, the chief mourner and leader of that imposing train. What a difference to him since he left Canaan 17 years ago. He left a youth of 17—he returned a man of 64. He left a slave who was looked upon as a thing, and the change had all come about through Joseph's fear and service of God.

## More Trembling.

When all the last wishes of Jacob had been carried out, and he was buried as he had directed, Joseph's brethren began to get fearful again. Thinking probably that their brother's kindness had been going out of consideration for their old father, they felt what a terrible opportunity he had of revenge, now that their father's influence was gone. But Joseph had no desire for any such opportunity. The man who has the love of God in his heart has no room for anything like revenge. When the message of appeal was sent to him Joseph wept. He had already forgiven them, and was perhaps prepared to believe no mistrust.

## Another Fulfillment.

Again was Joseph's dream of many years ago fulfilled. As all his brethren bowed themselves before him, Joseph bowed himself before them, telling them that their repentance should be made unto God, and would then come more how God would bless them, and he would reward his promise to look after them.

## The End of a Good Life.

Joseph's remaining years were spent in Egypt, and with his father's blessing, he was able to see his great-grandchildren. He lived to see his great-grandchildren, and he lived to see his great-grandchildren.

He made them promise that when the time came to Canaan they would bury him there. This wish was handed down to him as a sacred trust from generation to generation. (Gen. 49:29, 30.) The story of Joseph gives us a picture of a man who lived a good life, a life of a man who lived a good life, a life of a man who lived a good life.

Questions. How did you know when he died? What was a funeral? Did he have a funeral? Joseph's brethren feel that they are not worthy to be buried with him. What great lesson does the life of Joseph teach us?

## Memory Text.

"God meant it unto good."

Brigadier Adde has a band of soldiers in his Division called the "Crow-Bar." He is blaming their efforts. "Last week," says the O. K. Review, "ten souls were moved and Monday night, of the present week" into their sought pardon.





# THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

VISITS

## The Imperial City.

**SPLENDID AUDIENCE—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.**

**A**T last I had chance to ask a few questions. This was absolutely necessary in order to write an intelligent report of something I had not witnessed myself. The answers were given freely by the lady officer who should have written this report according to the ways of men, but the ways of women are past finding out.

"Rush? Of course, it meant we had to economise time. At 9:50 on the morning following the big Montreal meeting we had to catch the train for Ottawa."

"Just so," said your humbleness, rather nervously, since he was entirely new and tender, and ignorant of the way reporters ought to proceed with their interrogations; "and—hum—how did you find the weather?"

"Rather cold," the streets looked like glass, the group of officers that had waited patiently at the station to welcome the field Commissioner appeared to be none too warm in spite of their big coats. Nevertheless, they warmly welcomed their leader with all evidences of gladness."

"Of course you had a good turn-out to the meetings?"

"Yes, that goes without saying. The barracks had been abundantly decorated with numerous flags and colored bunting, very gay to behold, and pleasant withal, but somewhat detrimental to our acoustic properties of the hall."

"What sort of reception did Ottawa give to Miss Booth?"

"Oh, a most hearty one, without qualification whatever. I thought that the handsomeness never going to stop blowing their horns."

"I should judge that the Commissioner was rather tired after her Montreal meeting and the tiresome journey?"

"Yes, Miss Booth was tired, but she rose up to the occasion, as she always does. She did splendidly, as we could easily deduce from the wrapt attention paid to her address."

"What subject was chosen for it?"

"Miss Booth, as announced, spoke on the subject, 'Alighier than Niagara,' that of course is a very suggestive title."

"Will you kindly give me the chief points of the address?"

"That is very difficult to do, Mr. Quizer, as you well know. There are in the first place so many points in the Field Commissioner's addresses that it requires a very clever mind to say which are the best. We must also remember that the manner in which she leads up to her points, the eloquent construction of her speech and other features are as essential to form a correct idea at all of her powerful influence upon her audience, as the points themselves."

"Just so, I know well that Miss Booth can bring life and fascination into her texts which are as strong as they are individual, and I realize with you the difficult task of reporting any one of her addresses."

"Then you will not press me for details, but be rather glad that I am giving you a chance to let you off so easily."

"Just so. Thanks awfully. I am fearfully nervous, though, as I am sure the Ottawa people will blame me or the War Cry for putting such a green hand to the task of reporting this meeting. Is there anything else that you can tell me?"

"The Commissioner's children took part in the meeting. Dot sang in her own impressive way. 'I'm climbing up the golden stairs to glory.' Then Willie and Pearl rendered some solos and duets to the huge delight of the audience, when they capitulated as usual."

"You wound up with a prayer meeting, I am sure?"

"Yes, in his sure. I believe we should have had remarkable results, only for the fact that we had to close down quickly to catch the night train for Toronto."

"Thanks, very much. Brigadier Sharp says that the Ottawa people are very liberal in their praise of Miss Booth and will have her come back for a longer stay as soon as possible, sooner if it can be arranged. In fact, The Brigadier has not the slightest doubt but that the results are highly gratifying to all concerned. Good-bye."

Neophyte Quizer.

Ensign Fletcher has been visiting the Home for Incurables at Toronto and beguiling the suffering of their pain by the music from his guitar. He had a lovely time, visited the men and women and then went around to the inmates of the wards who couldn't come. This is an excellent way for a young man to exercise his lungs and limbs.

# MIXTURES.

Now is the time for War Cry Brigades.

Ensign McHarg is not feeling at all fit for duty yet.

The best organized corps will have earliest victory with the Christmas War Cry sales.

A new henry is being erected at the Industrial Farm to accommodate 125 fowls.

Capt. Melkie has been very sick, but is better again, for which we praise the Lord.

Have you seen the little dodger on the Christmas Cry for house to house distribution.

The nomination meeting on behalf of the Christmas War Cry will be a time of interest.

The War Cry expects to publish the names of all who will take part in War Cry selling in 1918.

Adj. Hunter has been far from well since coming to Barre, and needs the prayer of faith.

Capt. Adams' reception meeting, at the Princess Rink, Chicago, takes place Thursday, Dec. 9th.

Bricard Read held a farewell meeting at the Capt. and Mrs. Adams at the Children's Shelter, Toronto.

We are pushing J. S. matters and hope to have an increase by Christmas or New Year. Brigadier Bennett.

We are confidently looking forward to the Christmas War Cry saving, sanctifying and blessing many who read it.

Lieut. Campbell is quite sick; has to go under doctor's treatment and goes home on that account right away.

Erin heated, blood feverish, nerves astrail is the experience of some at the Editorial Office. Cause, Christmas Cry.

Ensign Peck's little boy is still very sick and in great suffer. Will all pray for the little boy that he may soon be well?

Mrs. Tilley has gone to Boston for a change and rest, and the Ensign, according to latest word to hand, is far from well.

Every living soul amongst us from the Atlantic to the Pacific should feel responsible to take a hand in the disposal of the Christmas Cry.

The officer in charge of the Boarding House Department on the Industrial Farm Colony is appointed chief night school instructor.

We are having beautiful times. Souls every week. St. Thomas is a fine place. Two souls Sunday. One more last night. —T. Ford Barker, Capt.

The printing department have turned out a very creditable advertisement for the Christmas Cry which is to be displayed in all barracks.

The issue of the Christmas War Cry which is being placed in the Field this year is the biggest ever printed in the history of the Territory.

The preliminary posters announcing the General's visits were shipped from Territorial Headquarters this week. They measure 22 feet by 4 feet.

The War Cry and Young Soldier expect to publish early in the New Year the biggest list of War Cry and Young Soldier hustlers the Territory has ever seen.

Field Officers:—On no account be late in sending in list of War Cry and Young Soldier hustlers for publication as per Commissioner's instructions in special pamphlet.

Have you sent in your order for goods allowed you from the Officers' Clothing Club? If not you should do so at once, as these are to be in by Christmas. —"Hotspur."

Ensign Stalger and Captain McNamney have raised the War Cry forty copies during the last few weeks. Things appear to be moving in the right direction at St. Albans.

Capt. Milvan in his last letter expresses her longing desire for the front of the fight, but her health is very bad and will detain her from the battle for some time to come.

Some folks say, "Send me ten Song Books with bill." This is one thing the Trade Secretary, generous soul as he is, will not allow us to do. Cosh in advance or C. O. D. is the rule.

A small mountain of correspondence has already accumulated between International Headquarters, Territorial Headquarters, and the various Provincial

Headquarters relative to the General's visit.

Capt. Ward, of Pembroke, has a long-standing promise of a rest, that will not come under the new regulation, and she will be going right after that W— at Morrisburg, where she intends to be present.

A movement in favor of Christian unity in Canada has been inaugurated at Toronto. Rev. F. C. C. Heathcott, of 21 Austen Avenue, is Secretary. May this and every other movement for peace and unity prosper.

In the midst of a great whirl of work the Field Commissioner has gone to the trouble to draw up special instructions for all responsible for the disposal of the Christmas War Cry. See the booklet, "How to sell out."

Lieut. Barrett has been fighting against sickness ever since coming into the field and will be compelled to have a change of work. The doctor says he must have hard manual labor and strong food. Funny prescription that.

We have heard from Adj. Ogilvie that her sister has passed away. All the officers of the E. O. P. will sympathize with and pray for the Adjutant and her two sisters who are both officers. "Hotspur." God bless the bereaved.—Ed.

According to latest advice Colonel Holland was to start for California on Nov. 28th in connection with the Social work there. We are almost breathless with interest in expectation of the developments on the Social Colony.

All the way from Spokane comes a "Personal" letter to the Editor inviting him to the wedding in the First M. E. Church of "Capt. Martha Moffatt and Ensign Joseph Barr." Sorry we cannot be present at the ceremony. Wish you useful and victorious future.—Ed.

"Perfect organization" is the name used in connection with the placing of the Christmas Cry before the people this year. Miss Booth has gone to the trouble of preparing an excellent pamphlet for the guidance of officers everywhere respecting how to dispose of the Christmas War Cry.

All local officers, including treasurers, secretaries, sergeant-majors, sergeants, and bandmen are to be re-commissioned. Kindly call in all commissions at your office right away and send them to your D.O. In the case of the treasurer and secretary the D. O. will send them to the Provincial Headquarters. —"Hotspur."

LIVELY.—I am here only four weeks in this city of 1,500 people. Wild Western town. There is more happen here in a week than in a month in Canadian towns. Seven deaths, three cases of lunacy, two dangerous assaults—all this since I came. People laugh at death here. Surely out of material something must be gotten. Good little corps here. We have every chance. S. A. O. K. here.—Captain

**Enrollment of Twenty Soldiers at St. George's, Bermuda, the Army's Latest Opening in the Island of the Lilies.**

We have just had our first enrollment. The people were very anxious to know what was to be done, and the hall was packed long before the hour for the meeting. After the article of war were read twenty stood to their feet taking their stand beneath the Army Flag to fight till death. The value of God spoke to many hearts when our first Junior soldier stepped to the front and was enrolled by the Adjutant. There is, I believe, as she said, a great work ahead for him. Most of our new soldiers are in uniform and we have about twenty more waiting their turn to enlist for God and souls. The Lord is good to us. Truly the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Yours in the war.—Kate Welch and Ethel Martin.

## Industrial Farm, Toronto.

Last Sunday Major and Mrs. Gaskin led the meetings, and they were rich with blessing and thanksgiving. In the afternoon nine or ten of the colonists gave their testimonies to the saving power of God. Mrs. Gaskin and Eva sang. At night four forewelled for a situation. Four weeks ago he came to the farm. For years he had been a slave to drink, but he is now well saved and very happy. Dan gave a beautiful testimony. Adj. and Mrs. Dodd and farm officers work hard for the men's salvation. Sovereign have been several lately and others are under deep conviction.

## LOSE SELF IN GOD AND DWELL THERE.

## BUSINESS WILL SMILE WITH THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

# SOULS ARE SAVED, POOR PEOPLE NURSED.

**Junior Work Advances in Newfoundland.**

**A LETTER FROM THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER.**

**I**AM glad to say God is still blessing us on the Island.

Right from the far North, where Ensign Newmann and his brave soldiers are working, I received a letter this week saying that God is blessing them and that there are many

**Souls Coming to the Lord and Getting Saved.**

Ensign McRae, of the Wellington District, has also written to say that they are preparing for a great soul-saving campaign this winter. Ensign Newmann has just finished up a long and blessed time in every corps. Ensign Moore has just taken charge of the Greenwood District and writes saying that she has had a splendid reception, and since then they have had some blessed meetings and a few souls have professed to get saved. Ensign Allan, of Harbor Grace, is hard at it. God has wonderfully blessed her labor there, and now she is preparing for

**A Great Soul-Saving Time this Winter**

The Junior Soldier work is going to be a success on the Island. The people are taking a great interest in it. We have taken the British Hall for a Junior Demonstration on Christmas Day. Capt. Pattenden has a band of boys and girls under her learning the musical drill, and I have no doubt she will have them well posted up for the occasion. Of course, she is looking forward to the help of the City officers in the same.

The results of Harvest Festival was beautiful, doing over the proceeds of last year quite a bit, which has encouraged us for Self-Denial.

**Every Officer and Soldier is Very Enthusiastic**

over the same and determined that we will reach our target. Although the financial standing of the Island is very poor on account of the failure of the fisheries, yet we are determined to get there if possible. We have had to postpone the dates on account of the printed matter not arriving in time, yet from the letter I have received from the officers they seem to be in high spirits over it.

**The Social Work is Still Progressing.**

The Shelter in St. Johns is becoming a great blessing to both the people of the City and those coming in from the out-harbors. It is so small and we are applying for the under that of it which has been used for other purposes, and I have been in short we will have a very comfortable shelter here. The same work is also a great blessing to the poor, as our officers go round from house to house carrying a blessing to these poor people. Lieut. Mercer and her assistant has been a great blessing to many in

**Assisting Them with Food and Clothing and Looking After the Sick.**

They are kept very busy indeed. I am expecting in a short time to open up a little hall for them to hold meetings in for people who don't attend any place of worship.

We have spent a week-end at each of the city corps, and God gave us a blessed time indeed. We are looking forward for a blessed time this winter in the soul-saving line.

Yours affectionately,  
ALEX. McHILLAN,  
Provincial Officer.

A little religion can never keep us happy, but much of it will.

Also, that weeping prayers answered should not have hugging prayers.

Prover has far more to do with successful methods than most of us imagine.

Do unto the absent, when approaching their character, as you would they should do unto you.

As a rule it is not wise to tell all one knows, though it is always well to know all one tells.

The Lord's Day Alliance has petitioned the amendment of the Lord's Day Act so as to prohibit on that day the doing of business and work for all classes without limitation, with exception and in favor of those carrying the Ministry's Mail, and carrying passengers by way of through traffic, selling drugs and medicines, and other works of necessity and charity.

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## Work Advances in Newfoundland.

### FROM THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

I glad to say God is still blessing us on the Island.

Right from the far North, where Newman and his brave soldiers working, I received a letter this stating that God is blessing them and there are many

### Coming to the Lord and Getting Saved.

McRae, of the Territorial Division is also written to say that they paying for a great soul-saving in this winter, Eastern Kenney finished up a tour round his and reports that God save him and time in every corps. Ensign has just taken charge of the and District and writes saying has had a splendid reception, and then they have had some blessings and a few souls have been saved. Eastern Kenney, of Grange, is hard at it. God is blessing her labor there, and is preparing for

### Soul-Saving Time this Winter.

Soul-Saving Time is going to be a on the Island. The people are great interest in it. We have the British Hall for a January mission on Christmas Day. There is a band of boys and girls learning the musical drill, and a doubt she will have them up for the occasion. Of course, looking forward to the help of the saints in the same.

Results of Harvest Festival was going over the proceeds of last to a bit, which has encouraged self-Denial.

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# GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS.

LIEUT. MERCEUR, of St. John's Ship Post (Nfld.) to be Captain.

CADET, STICKLAND, of St. John's Social Institution (Nfld.) to be Lieutenant.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.

# WAR CRY

## THE GENERAL.

THE distance which divides from the happy moment when the battalions of this Territory shall greet their conquering Commander-in-Chief is lessening every day. The news of his prospective visit has thrilled the heart of warriorship from furthest East and West, anticipating the inspiration and impetus which the approach of their ideal-honored General will mean to this branch of the Army's world-wide war and those who light its battles. A keen expectation of spiritual feasts and of soul quickenings and awakenings induces strong hope and faith for the meetings that the General will hold. Now, as he has been the success of his soul-saving life his latter campaigns have been marked by signal achievements of triumph. Every fresh number of our British contemporary glows with the record of these brilliant victories, and we look forward to the time now near-approaching when once more it will be our privilege to recount in these pages the God-owned and blessed Salvation engagements of the Army's revered and veteran leader on this scene of action.

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## A UNIQUE ARTICLE.

ONE of the most original, striking and inspiring articles ever penned by the Field Commissioner is now in the hands of the printers being set up in the very best type for the forthcoming Christmas number. The large contents bills are already announcing this remarkable article as dealing with the "Stable." A glance at the type-written sheets of "copy" convince us that it is full of richest thought, clothed in language of the choicest and most heart-stirring description. We can promise all its readers a literary and spiritual treat. The article is embellished by a most beautiful picture of the stable scene.

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## THE PRISONER'S CHRISTMAS CRY FUND.

WE would again call our readers' attention to the above, and earnestly solicit donations for wards same. Of all the ways to spend a happy Christmas, the helping to accomplish the desired end in this direction, by the circulation of our periodicals among the inmates of our penitentiaries will not by any means be the least successful. The angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest." Shall the prisoners hear of those who are learning to repeat that angelic refrain, and how too they can learn to sing it? The heavenly chorus sang, "Peace on earth good will toward men." Shall some white-winged messenger reach the solitude of the prisoner even blinding to the lamplight, tidings of Him who came to speak peace to those who were afar off from God and holiness and heaven? Let our readers answer in generous donations to Miss Booth, James and Albert Sis, Toronto, Mark envelope "Prisoners' Christmas Cry Fund."

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## "WE'RE MARCHING ON TO WAR" AND VICTORY.

VICTORY is in the air. Our indomitable leader at the hub is bustling the war with unprecedented victory. The Massey Hall huge victory strike us like a cyclone, and we were all talking about that wonderful event when news of Montreal's mighty success met us all "hallelujahs" around. The tide of victory is spreading, too. Headquarters' Staff report last Sunday one of the most visibly successful days experienced in our time there having been twenty-one seekers for salvation at Lisgar St., ten at the Temple, five at Riverside, and one at Yorkville. These God! A few breathings like this, if properly absorbed afterwards, will swell our ranks nobly.

The influence generated by Miss Booth's meeting at the Massey Hall is quite extraordinary. That meeting attracted the attention and sympathetic interest, not

only of "the man in the street," but of people in all grades of social life.

Said a lady at a vice-regal gathering recently, referring to the meeting, "I don't know how any freethinker could have listened to that address without having the very foundations of his unbelief shattered." This testimony to the impression created by the Massey meeting is valuable because it came straight from one of the most talented literateurs of this Continent.

This increased influence for good, so largely owing to the magnificent work of our Field Commissioner, with, at the same time, the splendid pentameter form results won on the Army's old lines, is full of encouragement to us all.

For all these things we praise God, and, and push on, "Jesus Christ and His Cause" our battle cry. If we will we can make 1918 the best year yet. Let us try!

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## AN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH.

THE variety and beauty of the illustrations which embellish the pages of our forth coming Christmas number mark it as an artistic production hitherto unsurpassed. From the magnificent four-colored cover, and striking scene and character drawings, to the delicate little dreamlike and graceful little sketches, every page of the sixteen reveals no small care and skill in design, and nothing short of a lavish hand in the question of expense. Some of Toronto's most talented artists have united to enrich the collection of beautiful pictures. Mr. Carl Ahrens, A. R. C. A., contributes some very striking portraits of salvation life, which in their speaking lines tell many a sermon even without their fascinating accompaniments of letterpress. Mr. Laughlin, whose valuable services have so frequently pictured our front-page, has also contributed to the beauty of the number. While Mr. George Semple (an old assistant on the War Cry's artistic work), and the Grip Company, have also done their part towards making this issue of such artistic value.

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## HOW TO SELL OUT.

WE characterize of the Commissioner's leadership go hand in hand for the accomplishment of the great and glorious. Whenever our warrior leader inspires the ambition of his troops towards some daring deed for God and the King, he invariably follows up such announcement with such plans for its actual realization that it becomes no hard or impossible task for her officers to follow her to the end of her most advanced schemes. This provision is deeply appreciated by the Field Commissioner's people. Thus it has been with the Christmas Cry. The Commissioner set a high goal for the distribution of the territory to reach, but no sooner had courage been emulated for such an achievement than there issued from the Army's printing press the daintiest of little pamphlets prepared under the Commissioner's special direction, giving the minutest assistance and suggestion for the effort. "How to sell out" is the fascinating title of this fascinating little production. It lays down the lines upon which the effort will be run in every corps clearly and forcibly, and supplies such a store of hints and helps upon War Cry selling in the abstract as to ensure the permanent assistance of officers in its sale long after the success of the Christmas War Cry boom has passed.

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## JUNIOR WORKERS, ATTENTION!

THE price of the new J. S. Manual for 1918 is 15 cents, and the Manual Lesson Cards 1 cent. Supplies may be obtained from the respective Provincial Offices.

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## HAVE YOU SENT YOUR PHOTO?

OMRADE JEN. N. Hyde, under the official recognition of Commander Booth-Zucker, is preparing a big International Photograph Group of Army officers, Miss Booth and the Provincial Officers of this Territory will appear in the same. Bro. Hyde has pursued his enterprise with most commendable energy and perseverance. He stated a few days ago "All I can earn now is spent towards his work, and I believe it will be used of God." Bro. Hyde is all open to receive photos of officers in this Territory. If possible, send him yours if you have not already done so. The profits on the sale of the consolidated picture we may all will go to the Free Distribution Fund of War Cry in the hospitals and jails of California.

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## SALVATION, SALVATION IS OUR ONLY ONE NECESSARY THING.

# THE WAR CRY.

# TERRITORIAL THEMES.

BY THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

GREAT interest is already centred in the coming tour of the General through the Territory, which gives good promise of being a tremendous affair from beginning to end.

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His Excellency, the Governor-General, has received the Field Commissioner at Government House with all that courtesy and kind consideration so characteristic of that distinguished personage, and has most heartily consented to take the chair at the General's meeting in the Capital City of Ottawa, on Friday, January 28th.

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We expect in the next issue of Territorial Themes to give a fuller list of chairmen in the East and East Ontario Provinces, together with other features of the campaign, including Toronto. We might mention, however, that the Massey Hall has been secured for the evenings of February 2nd and 7th, as also for the General's three public salvation meetings in Toronto on Sunday, Feb. 6th.

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Quite as we expected, the Commissioner's meeting in that beautiful and spacious St. James' Church, at Montreal, was an imposing affair. The church was more than crowded with a most influential and sympathetic congregation, whose interest and appreciation of the Commissioner's mastery effort was evinced by a very enthusiastic character. The Ottawa meeting, too, was most impressive, and in keeping with the Commissioner's meetings generally, was overcrowded.

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No one regrets more fully, or feels more deeply than does the Commissioner, for those of our leading officers whose delicate state of health necessitates their speedy removal from their present commands—notably Brigadier and Mrs. Read, of the C. O. P., and Major and Mrs. McMillan, of Newfoundland.

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Brigadier Read, despite an affliction at a painful and distressing nature, has bravely battled on and done his best till the weather has made it impossible for him to continue longer. He finally relinquishes his present charge on Thursday, December 19th, and then

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In addition to the Brigadier's sickness, has been the serious illness of their dear little Violet, whose youthful spirit has simply been hovering between life and death for some weeks, but who is now hopefully recruiting, to the joy and delight of both father and mother. Thank God!

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Mrs. Major McMillan has been a great sufferer, too, for a long time, as has also their little girl treasure, who in a fit quite recently. Tell and fructified her cool heart. Altogether, therefore, dear Major and Mrs. McMillan have had their cup full. God bless them! They are travelling from the Island about the middle of January.

It may be well, too, for you to be ready, for "the end is not yet"—this is merely the beginning, and probably you are among the number down for a shake-up shortly. Keep your all on the altar.

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The St. Catharines new barracks is now an accomplished fact, and Staff-

Capt. Smooton, who has just returned from the opening services, is strong in his praises of the good, substantial and economical work put into the building by Capt. Lock and Freeman, who have been the chief promoters in the erection thereof. That may be a good method, too, for your corps to adopt, viz., under- take to do the work and raise the money, get Headquarters consent, and build to

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The Commissioner has decided to make Montreal the Headquarters for the East Ontario Province, as soon as Brigadier Sharp can arrange it. Good move that.

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Capt. T. H. Adams, of Lisgar St., is now transferred to the United States, and is appointed to the command of the Princess Rink, in Chicago. He is bent on raising nucleus there by the grace of God. Power to his elbow.

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Did you read "Advance Orders" of the last "Stage"? There's marrow and fatness in that book for both the mind and the soul of any officer who will take the trouble to prayerfully study it. I have just been reading a chapter or two myself, and that is the conclusion I have come to, or rather have been confirmed in seeing that I arrived at that conclusion a long time ago.

We are going to have another "Stage" soon. You might therefore look it up and get your gun loaded ready.

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Brigadier Bennett, Brigadier Read, Brigadier Sharp and Major Southall have written in glowing terms of their expectation as to the result of Self-Denial in their respective Provinces. Some corps I know of had some over their target ere S.-D. week and scarcely started. Not so slow.

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The men employed on the new Wood Limit, at Winnipeg, have given \$7.50 to the Self-Denial fund.

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Golden opinions are being formed concerning the Christmas Cry—what opinions go up as the matter rolls in. Evidently the special issue is going to be an eye-opener to more than one. That is not only the opinion of those who compose the Editorial Department, although I quite believe they are in it.

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Although S.-D. is raging and every officer and soldier is naturally absorbed in the effort, it is gratifying to know a number of souls are getting saved. Among others of the kind at Guelph, Major Southall informs us of a backslider of eight or nine years' standing, coming home to God, to salvation, and to the Army. Hallelujah! We crave for a multiplication of the like.

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There is just time before the close to "get" for you to make a more desperate attempt to get some sinner saved—some backslider restored—some forgiven one sanctified. It, too, may be your only chance. One more mighty determined effort, therefore, like Samson's last, if you please.

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THE LATEST!—Ensign and Mrs. Fox are happy. They can now say, "Into us a child is born, and our son is given."

J. B. M.

at knee-drill, and four at night, one a splendid case. The Staff Band played superbly. Finances doubled. Little Eva Gaskin's debut as a public singer. Soldiers and friends of the Riverside corps will remember the visit.—Attwell.

## GRAND FINALE AT FORT LISGAR.

### 21 Souls in One Meeting for Salvation.

Brigadier and Mrs. Read and Adjutant Stanbury's Farewell Sunday in C.O.P. Spent at Lisgar St. Captain and Mrs. Adams also say Good-bye for Chicago. (Special.)

Crowded barracks. Offerings doubled. Great excitement. Tears. Rodejohns. Soldiers on fire. Friends deeply interested. Band to the front. Divine influence manifested. Stirring earnest addresses by Brigadier and Mrs. Read, Staff-Capt. Minnie, Adj. Mrs. Stanbury, Capt. and Mrs. Adams and others. Best of all one soul for the rescue in a. n. Twenty-one souls—three Juniors—in Sunday evening meeting for salvation, nearly all volunteered. Verdict of all—splendid day, wonderful meetings. Beautiful wind-up. Hallelujah!

## MAJOR AND MRS. GASKIN AND STAFF BAND AT RIVERSIDE.

(Special.)

Red letter day of old No. 48. Major and Mrs. Gaskin's visit brought full houses afternoon and evening. One soul





# MIGHTY MEETING.

## at St. James' Methodist Church.

for the Army's Leader Tell the Story of a Broken Heart  
and the Song of Love

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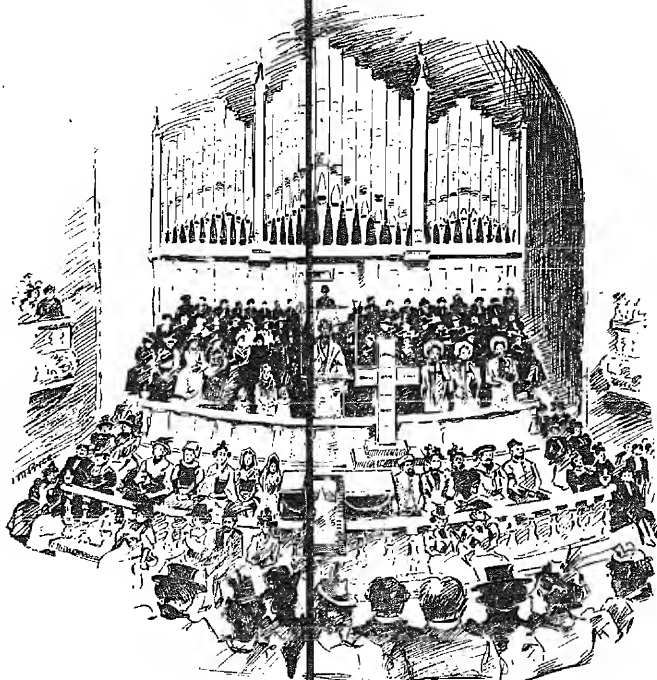
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THE PLATFORM AT ST. JAMES' METHODIST CHURCH, MONTREAL, APPEARED AT MISS BOOTH'S MEETING.

and all the infantry, cavalry and artillery of heaven behind him, he marched out at God's command to exterminate the Amalekites. Flushed with the victory, he returns, and upon being questioned by Samuel whether he had obeyed the God who had so blessed him, he answers quickly in the affirmative. "What meanest thou then the bleating of the sheep?" was the sentence that hurled him down from his great height. Disobedience brought Saul down, as it has thousands since. Here the Commissioner made many direct thrusts at the consciences of those who so readily say that they are all right. "What meanest thou then the bleating of the sheep?" was the sentence that hurled him down from his great height. Disobedience brought Saul down, as it has thousands since. Here the Commissioner made many direct thrusts at the consciences of those who so readily say that they are all right. "What meanest thou then the bleating of the sheep?" was the sentence that hurled him down from his great height. Disobedience brought Saul down, as it has thousands since. Here the Commissioner made many direct thrusts at the consciences of those who so readily say that they are all right.

While another chorus:  
"Oh speak, oh speak as before Thine I pray,"  
fastened the first principle upon the

memory, the second section of wood surmounted the first block, and another inscription appeared:

### SYMPATHY.

Pointing to the object-illustration, Miss Booth stated that Jesus was also our example in Sympathy-of all groins the most to be prized, yet of all the most rare. While there never was a day of greater light and education-each century having brought its share of advancement in industry, science and art-while our pulpits are numerous, and from a palace of ability are well filled; while the gift of oratory is not lacking, yet that balm which heals all wounds, and the touch to which the violet and the worst in most susceptible is lacking-namely Sympathy. Jesus came to show that to lift the burden you must feel its weight. With graphic description she called up before the imagination examples of Jesus' sympathy. His giving back to the widow of Nain the son whom they carried to the burial; that sublime instance when the Bible records "Jesus wept." In its shortest and yet most descriptive sentence: the children which He blessed when He was weary and tired, and His disciples would in their anxiety prevent anything that would shorten the already weary rest of the Master-"Suffer them to come unto Me."

Referring again to her slum experience, the Commissioner said that she was not always able to save the life, but she could weep with those that weep; she could not always take away the pain, but

she could always say that she was sorry; she could not always cheer the lonely, but she could always hold it close to her own breast, that its warmth might warm the cold and comfort it. The story of the woman whose criminal career was transformed into the useful life of a Salvationist, by a kiss, touched every heart and drew every eye with tears. It was a more powerful illustration of sympathy than a book of fine theories about it.

"Sympathy would carry us to the despairing with hope. I don't mean eloquence-I mean sympathy. It will make us to change straw pillows into downy ones. I don't mean money-I mean sympathy. It will mean that thousands less tears will be shed because we ever lived, because we had-not the gift of prophesy-but sympathy. I say, give, all the Christians in this city a sympathizing heart and the strongholds of iniquity will crumble."

"Kind words will never die, never die," rang out the strains of the familiar hymn, while the third block was hung to the left, thereby adding another word:

### SACRIFICE.

What greater and nobler example of sacrifice have we, than Jesus? See the King of Glory, the Prince of Heaven, the Monarch of all nations, all kingdoms, stepping from the throne to the market, and climbing the weary, blood-stained journey back again from the market to the throne, the hero of the mighty throng whose tramp will sound and whose voices will reach as long as the ages roll, behold that white-robed multitude, who by virtue of their sacrifice have climbed and stand in the highest places in the highest heaven, having come out of great tribulations, and shed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. Sacrifice saved the seed of the church and sent Christianity like a prairie-fire sweeping through the world. Sacrifice, by its blood-marks upon the sands of time, opened up the track to heaven. Visible illustrations were given to illustrate the cruel persecutions which were resorted to by those in authority to stamp out Christianity, with the object to increase it only. The procession did not stop with the martyrs of Lyonesse days, but continued with the willing spirits of ten thousands of Salvationists who have left all to follow Jesus. We have them in Iceland and Lapland, in Africa and in Japan as well as in India. From the nationalities represented at the meeting in national costume, the Field Commissioner called Mrs. Adit Coombs and her little Ajeet. She introduced Mrs. Coombs as one of the officers who have labored among the natives as one of them. The Commissioner said that she represented the poor of all lands and embracing Mrs. Coombs, India and the poor kissed each other, while the audience sympathized. Little Ajeet was lifted on the pulpit in his Indian garb, with bare feet, he was a picturesque figure. The Commissioner continued that many a little grave in that hazy country with a simple inscription as "Father and mother," tells of a fallen soldier and a crowned warrior. She did not fail to sharpen the point of her remarks about sacrifice by a very touching slum story, that again rang through the stillness of that concourse a beautiful melody which dissolved itself into:

"I count no sacrifice too dear,"

and another section was hung opposite the last addition, bearing the fourth password of the meeting:

### "LOVE."

"Someone said to me, he thought all the love had gone out of the world. I answered, to take all the love out of the world, you will have to take the love out of the sky, the trees from the forest,

the skip from the lums, and the laughter out of the nursery. Love gives the flesh to the eye, the pink to the cheek, the nerve to the spirit and the passion to the heart. Earth asks heaven what is wanted to battle against temptations, ride through its storms, triumph over its evils, carry its burdens, live its toll and die its death. Heaven answers: "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." Miss Booth recited as an instance of the unselfishness of Love the story of the death of Princess Alice, as Mr. Gladstone had told it in Parliament. Fittingly was the following verse sung:

"Love Divine, from Jesus flowing."

The last section towering above the rest and completing the cross was named,

### CROWNING.

"All obedience and sacrifice has its crowning, as the sacrifice of Calvary was crowned by the laying of the Rock of Ages. The founding of redemption's plan-the laying of the roadway from earth to heaven-the opening of heaven's gate-was crowned by abundant offerings, all full of indescribable glory, with portals thrown back their widest, to make way for God's Hero-for Calvary's Lamb-for the sinners' Saviour. He enters through the triumphal arch of disease and death, amidst peals of bells, the shout of jubilation, the thrill of harps, the shout of jubilation and the song of the angels. The Father crosses the sea, whilst the great orchestra of heaven sings the new song "Worthy is the Lamb, who on Calvary was slain."

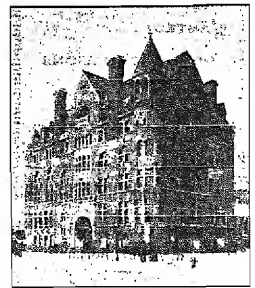
"And so, all along the line, I saw the crowning. The great multitude that gathered, they are to have pains and to have songs, no more to weep, because that were weary in the conduct of righteousness will be crowned. All nations had this line; they came from all places of the earth. Let them come. They are those who came through great tribulations; their garments are white, their faces are bright. Who are they? What do they sing? Have you who has washed us in his own blood. . . be honor, and glory, and thanksgiving, and power, and might. There will be no more tear or sigh, no more grave or night. He more pain, or death, or hunger, no more-all will be crowning."

### IV.

### GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

The order throughout the whole meeting was remarkable. Our beloved leader spoke for nearly an hour and a half and yet there was riveted attention at the close of her address. Her listeners embraced all classes of society, but there appears to be only one impression and verdict, namely, that the meeting was a success without qualification.

As each section of the cross was added to, sung a well chosen chorus which emphasized the point which the Commissioner had brought out, as well as introduced a diversion to avoid a strain upon the audience's beautiful attention. Willie and Pearl also sang several



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, MONTREAL.

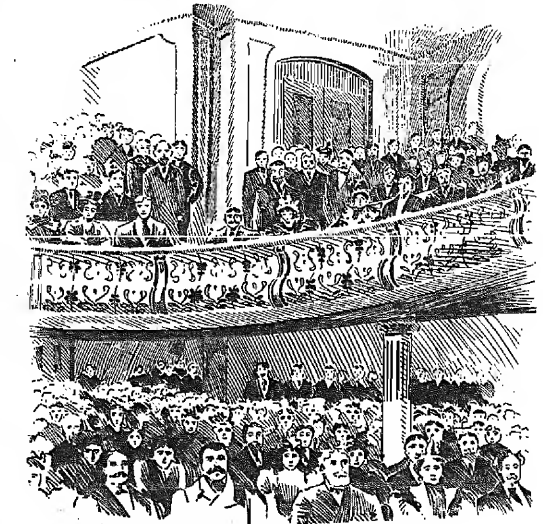
choruses to the great delight of the audience, which liberally applauded them. Everybody felt in love with them at first sight. Are they not a forcible object-lesson of what training may do with the pliable lives of children. Many kindly remarks made by the people about the children were certainly the sincerest form of praise and recognition of the Commissioner's care, patience and love so freely given to the development and multiplying of their best emotions and abilities.

"The gradual erection of the plain wooden cross in five sections served wonderfully to focus upon the minds of the eager listeners the Commissioner's lucid appeals to more consecrated lives of the followers of Jesus, and will often aid the memory to keep alive, as well as turn to useful account, the blessings received."

One elderly gentleman apparently had seen and known little or nothing of the Army except what he heard from blessed criticisms, and had come well stocked with prejudices. Gradually his interest was aroused, but he struggled bravely to control his expression of countenance. When, however, the Field Commissioner, with her original touch described her first lesson in scruboogy, he collapsed with mirth. He so thoroughly enjoyed a laugh with the rest that he only recovered his equanimity in time to lose it again by silently wiping off a few tears that had found their way down his cheeks, when Miss Booth told of little Jack's sacrifice for the benefit of his widowed mother. Jack had found a newspaper which promised to the nearest relative of anyone in whose possession the paper was found when accidentally killed the sum of £200. Two days after that Jack was found in a lifeless heap underneath a bridge when accidentally so fixed in his ragged jacket that the filled-out coupon was at once seen by the policeman who discovered his corpse.

When the Commissioner spoke of her visits to the court and asylums into which

(Continued on Page 8.)



A TINY SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE.





11). He only lives about four miles from Belleville. He was well saved and full of faith and wrestling like Jacob with God for Divine healing. He'll get it too. If he holds on, God will.

# SING! SING! SING! UNTO THE LORD

Tunes—Jesus of Nazareth passeth by: Stella B.J., 25, 3; Sovereignty (B.B., 21); R.J., 22, 1; Euphony (B.J., 133, 1); Madrid (B.J., 176, 2); Eaton (B.J., 167, 2).

1 Thy spirit I have often grieved,  
Avoiding sacrifice and pain;  
Thy promises have not believed,  
Betrayed my Lord through fear again.  
Wilt Thou not hold me yet once more?  
Thy will my broken heart adores.

To save the lost my all I give;  
Let all self-life now disappear,  
That only Christ in me may live,  
And speak, and feel, and love down here.  
All things beside I count but dross;  
I choose, I take, I love Thy cross.

That mighty, mighty faith give me,  
Which never wavers, never fears,  
Can walk the waters, Lord, with Thee,  
Can stand alone in face of fears.  
The faith that dares to risk its all,  
And run where others fear to fall.

I love to tell both day and night,  
This war to forward everywhere;  
With consecrated powers I fight,  
Lost souls are now my only care.  
By love, like Thine, but sees their fall,  
And asking nothing, giveth all.  
The Marchale.

2 Tunes—We shall win (B.J., 23, 1);  
Beams of the light (B.J., 22, 1);  
Rejoice in the Lord (B.J., 20, 2).

Let us sing of His love once again,  
Of the love that can never decay,  
Of the blood of the Lamb who was slain,  
Thou we praise Him again in that day.

Chorus.

I believe Jesus saves,  
And His blood makes me whiter than snow.

There is cleansing and healing for all,  
Who will wash in the life-giving flood;  
There is perfect deliverance and joy,  
To be had in this world through the blood.

Just now while we taste of His love,  
We are filled with delight through His name;  
But what will it be when above,  
We shall join in the song of the Lamb?

Then we'll march in His name till we come,  
At His bidding to come from the light;  
And our Saviour shall welcome us home  
To the regions of glory and light.

So with banners unfurled to the breeze,  
Our motto shall "Holiness" be,  
Till the crown from His hand we shall seize,  
And the King in His glory we see.

3 Tunes—A never-failing Friend (B.J., 39).

A Friend I have found who my needs hath supplied,  
A Friend who my sorrows hath soothed.

A Friend who no blessing my soul hath denied,  
Nor suffered my heart to be moved.  
He smiles, I am blest; He rules, I have rest.

His presence destroys every fear;  
How can I be ever by sorrow oppressed  
With Jesus my spirit to cheer?

Chorus.

A never-failing Friend! A never-failing Friend!  
Is Christ to me, so rich and free,  
His favors never end.

A never-failing Friend! A never-failing Friend!  
Give up your sin and you shall win  
A never-failing Friend.

A Friend I have found who has taught me the charm  
Of loving the purest and best,  
And into the wounds of my heart poured the balm  
Of healing and comfort and rest.  
His pain brings redemption, His cross brings the crown,  
To serve Him is my one great care;  
And here of the Cross I have laid myself down,  
And trust to be kept ever there.

4 Tunes—Homesley (B.J., 147, 2); Hark, the voice (B.J., 60); Never can I tell (B.J., 13); Out on the ocean (B.J., 227, 2).

Have you left your Father's dwelling,  
Far away in sin you roam;  
Prodigal your heart is swelling,

When you think of those at home,  
Oh, remember,  
God, your Father, whispers, "Come."

Prodigal, come back to Jesus,  
Leave the land of death and sin,  
All the past will be forgiven,  
Jesus waits to take you in.  
He will welcome,  
He will wash and make you clean.

Look! the Father waits to bring you  
To His heart of love again;  
Runs to meet you in compassion,  
Waits to wash away the stain.  
Come to meet Him,  
He will banish all thy pain.

5 Tunes—Gospel news (B.J., 233, 1);  
Homesley (B.J., 147, 2); Blessed Jesus (B.J., 6, 3); Calcutta (B.J., 23, 2); Hark, the voice (B.J., 51, 1); Austria (163, 1).

Make Thy soldiers, Lord, more daring,  
Teach us how to bravely fight;  
Woe against all sin declaring,  
Marching forward in Thy might;  
Leading sinners  
From their darkness into light.

Precious, blood-bought souls are dying,  
Let us to their rescue go!  
On Thy strength Divine relying,  
From destruction's endless woe.  
Lord, to save them,  
May we heaven-born courage show.

Soldiers brave and true are wanted,  
Who will battle for the Lord;  
Grace to conquer shall be granted  
Those who fully trust His word,  
And in Heaven  
His "Well done" will soon be heard.

6 Tunes—Shall we gather at the river (B.J., 21, 1).

Yes, there flows a wondrous river  
That can make the foulest clean;  
To the soul it is the giver  
Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round us flows the cleansing river,  
The holy, mighty, wonder-working river,  
That can make a saint of a sinner,  
It flows from the throne of God.

All who seek the cleansing river,  
Have their deepest needs supplied,  
From all stains its waves deliver,  
To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,  
Perfect cleansing giving there,  
Loving burdens that need never  
Rise again to bring you care?

On the margin of this river,  
In your state why still delay?  
Why not now be free forever,  
And the voice of God obey?

## RESULT OF WAR CRY RACE

1st Prize, \$5 worth of Goods, Champion Fred H. Bell, Hamilton, Bermuda 4,179

2nd Prize, \$5 worth of Goods, Captain McIntyre, Charlottetown, P.E.I. 3,837



CAPTAIN MCINTYRE,  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The third prize of \$3 worth of goods will be awarded later, as there is some uncertainty as to total received.

Our readers will remember that the Race commenced in the first week in July and finished the last week in September. The totals given above are those of sales affecting that period only.

## A Bill-of-Fare Dialogue

BETWEEN

HANS AND JEAN.

Hans.—I have almost concluded to har a bit Christmas feast this year.

Jean.—Zat is vat always ze Germans do after. Can you not invite a fellow?

Hans.—Dat I will doo, of course, and it will cost you only five cents. It is going to be a fine ding.

Jean.—Will you have your feast a la card, or table d'hôte, Hans?

Hans.—Dat makes nix difference. Dere is first "De Martyr von Spokane."

Jean.—O, murder, you will not turn me to be cannibal, Hans.

Hans.—Shust you keep steady. You Frenchmen goes off like a puff and gets oxidized all von noting watsomever. Wait till I can notify you vhat it is all about.

Jean.—Then Miss Boot has "De Stable Door."

Hans.—Ze great house has she made a carpenter for ze benefit of ze Band do Hope?

Jean.—And dere is a Page vhat dey call de adjutant dat will serve up a dinner mit a label dat reads "Down went Me Guilty," and

Jean.—Hans, zat is se old song vamed jay for your feast.

Hans.—Ach, you must keep quiet, you imaginative balloon, you fly off de string. You shust wait. And dere will be such a goodly company.

Jean.—Vhat dey call de Brickadeer Margretts, and dey call it "When I think of vhat I do, and vhat I used to vas."

Hans.—Ze great house has she made a carpenter for ze benefit of ze Band do Hope?

Jean.—Then Miss Boot has "De Stable Door."

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phased the glorious truth that "His love can never fail."

On Saturday night the Rescue Staff had a little farewell tea at the Women's Shelter for English Towed and Captain Kerr, who are leaving this week of the Social war, Ensign Tovey goes to Newfoundland, and Capt. Kerr to Iceland. Some deeply spiritual thoughts were given by Mrs. Read, after which most of those present had a word of personal testimony and farewell.

Capt. Shannon is also farewelling from the Women's Shelter and goes to assist Adj. Holman in the Montreal Rescue Home.

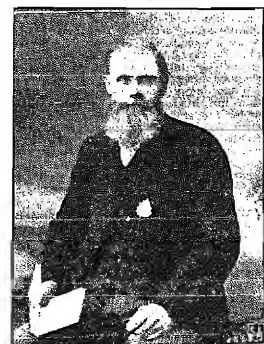
Our comrades will be very much missed from their places in Toronto. We pray that God will go with them to their distant appointments and make them more than ever conquerors on the Rescue battlefield.

FLORENCE EASTON

## PROMOTED TO GLORY

BROTHER CHARLES BARFOOT, OWEN SOUND.

With deep regret we report the death of our dear comrade, Bro. Charles Barfoot, who passed away to be with Jesus Oct. 15th. "Come to glory," can truly be said of our beloved comrade. He was one that dared to do right at all cost. His chief object in life was to win souls.



THE LATE CHARLES BARFOOT.

For Jesus. At the memorial service one of his sons came forward and accepted his father's God as his. In his testimony he said he was glad he had given himself to Christ, and meant to be true and meet his dear father in heaven.

Since coming here we have had the joy of seeing four seek Christ as their Saviour. Thank God—Capt. M. Lott, for Ensign A. Taylor.

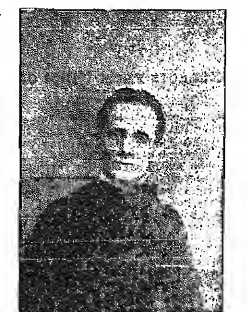
## PROSPECTIVE AND RETROSPECTIVE DELIGHTS THE TEMPLE.

A Farewell to Far-Going Rescue Officers.

Thursday evenings at the Temple are becoming to be looked upon as very interesting occasions. This particular Thursday's was no exception. Mrs. Brigadier E. Rad, with some of the Rescue Staff, three representatives of the League of Mercy, in their special costumes, and some of the children from the Children's Home, combined to make up a very attractive programme. After a rousing song led by the Temple band, which, by the way, is beginning to make a name for itself among the city bands for musical execution, and the other preliminaries had been gone through, Mrs. Rad delighted the people with a Prospective and Retrospective talk on the Social work. Many touching stories of the early days of our Rescue work in this city were told, as well as interesting facts, figures and events of its present day progress.

To say that the people were interested in putting it mildly, for they listened attentively to the very close, which was at an exceptionally late hour. One gentleman at the close, said to Ensign A. Ward, "I had no idea the Rescue work had done so much in Toronto." He also signified his willingness to give a corner stone to the new building for the Toronto Central Rescue Home.

Ensign Turpin, Capt. Hart and Bandsman Burdoun delighted the audience with a trio singularly appropriate, which em-



OUR LATE COMRADE, SISTER WOOD, OF ST. THOMAS, NOW IN GLORY.

Wanted, in connection with the Christmas War Cry sale—Vim, Vigor, Victory.

A strenuous effort is being made to place the Christmas War Cry on the Field in good time.



his glorious truth that "His lover fall." Friday night the Women's Staff Ensign Toveil and captain are leaving this scene of the Ensign Toveil goes to New and Capt. Kerr to Hohen. Mrs. Read, after which most recent had a word of personal and farewell. unison is also farewelling from n's Shelter and goes to meet man in the Montreal Rescue

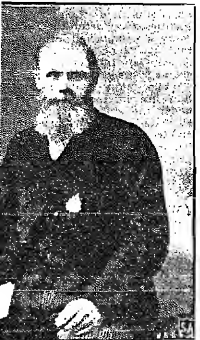
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FLORENCE EASTON.

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CHARLES BARFOOT.

At the memorial service one came forward and announced a God as he. In his testimony was glad he had given himself and meant to be true and their father in heaven. ming here we have had the joy four such Christ as their Sav- ank God—Capt. M. Lott, for Taylor.



COMRADE, SISTER WOOD, THOMAS, NOW IN GLORY.

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# Florence Worth

## FROM THE STAGE TO THE SALVATION ARMY.

### CHAPTER VII.

**L**AST week we left Florence (we will continue to call her by her maiden name) paying a visit to her mother at Notting Hill, where she gained her first victory over the use of rouge and cosmetics. As we have already intimated, it was a cross to see herself without the damask bloom on her cheeks and the artistic curve of eyebrows produced by cosmetic pencil; but when she returned to her own home, she saw the servants whispering, and overheard the covert sneers and professed pity for "the master who had such a different wife," the iron entered into her soul and the first real shadow fell across her now-found joy. It would be too painful to dwell upon all the far and fret which came into the lives of this ill-matched pair after one of them set out to roam stream and the other remained content to drift with the tide. The strain upon the affectionate and strongly emotional disposition of Florence was terrible. Before conversion a violent temper had been a prominent characteristic, the veriest trifles sometimes causing her to blaze forth into unwarrantable anger. In the accompanying sketch we see her before she got saved.

### "Clearing the Decks."

because the tea brought to her had not been made with boiling water.

After the first rapture of sins forgiven had somewhat abated the old habit reasserted itself in the presence of real provocation, and stormy scenes took place which caused her to shed many bitter tears, prompted by remorse and penitence.

Twelve months rolled away, during the whole of which time Florence was not allowed to wear uniform, and attended meetings only under protest. The sight of her little mother—her first convert—travelling to and fro in her

### Converted Stage Hat

was the only bright ray she could see in the darkening sky. Her mother's circumstances at this time were a constant source of anxiety to her, although the little woman never complained and her faith in God never wavered.

The devil did not fail to take advantage of all these things wherever it harassed her, and when, in the providence of God, she was led to desire a deeper work of grace done in her soul, and asked herself whether the blessing of

### A Clean Heart

might not be the solution of many of her

difficulties, the discourager of souls whispered, "How could you keep it under your present circumstances?" The question seemed a reasonable one, and as she dwelt upon the awkwardness of her own position, as well as of her mother's, Florence yielded to the tempter in a miserable self-surrender, and missed the surest cure for life's woes—a heart by Blood made clean.

There is a close relationship between body and spirit, and the raging controversy within ultimately laid Florence upon an sick bed, where for many a long day, she lay prostrate in body and mind. Her naturally strong constitution, however, stood her in good stead, and, coupled with her mother's careful nursing, Florence once more took her place in the battle of life.

She taught baby Hyacintho Army choruses, and tried her hardest to control the evil temper which she felt as married the consistency of her profession. Perhaps the saddest trial of all was the fact that she might not have her own mother to visit her after she was well again; and often, as she sat down to her own well-provided table and remembered that her mother was in the direct of poverty, the tears would well up into her eyes, and the food remain untouched upon her plate.

How could she eat and know her little

### Mother was Starving!

As she drove about in omnibuses with her husband's friends, or played the part of hostess, the tears would unbidden start, the sight of which only served to alienate her from those who should have respected the cause of her grief.

Matters had reached this pass when one day her husband came to her with an open telegram in his hand. "Here is an engagement," he said; "you are offered the part of Marguerite in 'Faust.' Think it over and let me have your decision by one o'clock. It is now eleven."

Florence did "think about it." Again and again she had refused to accompany her husband to the theatre or take part in the acting, even though strongly tempted to

### Try the Experiment.

with a view to healing the breach which made her domestic life so wretched. All the threatening and the coaxing had hitherto been resisted, but now the face of her patient little mother, deprived of both the comforts and even the necessities of life, rose before her. What should she do? If the play proved a success her mother would share in



"LET ME HAVE YOUR DECISION!"

them. That was the bait used by the devil to lead Florence back into the world. She had not the victory in her own heart, and consequently her

### Faith was Weak

She could not trust her mother with God. By one o'clock the die was cast. Florence had accepted the engagement and hurried off to the rehearsal. Referring to this sad and humiliating chapter of her life, she said:—

"I had no desire to be a backslider. My taste for acting was killed the day I got saved, and when I returned to the stage it was to me a purely commercial transaction, and therefore I merely acted mechanically. My enthusiasm was gone, and I pitted everyone in the profession, for my eyes were opened, never to be closed again.

### The Laughter Rang Hollow.

The painted faces were hideous; I seemed to see the death-head beneath. The actors acted to me as second-hand contempt. I longed for those people to be saved, but had no power to help them. Before I went back to the world I had an idea that I had given up a good deal for the Lord; but when I lost Him I realized that to gain the whole world was nothing.

### Worse than Nothing—

and that to lose Him meant to lose all. With this realization came a desire to banish thought (it had given up praying, believing my circumstances too hard for God.) I envied those who were able to serve Him without fear—not knowing that the cross must be carried by such as will follow Him, and that we must learn true strength, and become rooted and grounded in Christ, by the discipline of loneliness. I desired to rest in human friendships, and craved for human sympathy. But that was not God's way for me. By the very withholding of these coveted treasures my Heavenly Father sought to lead me to take both my cross, and my sorrows to the One who alone can give lasting joy and peace. Mine was an undisciplined heart, and my weakness and slowness to trust the Hand that would have led me gently, brought me into a land of drought and famine. To my mind, that first play was not a success from a professional point of view, and though no one found fault with me, I knew that my love for acting was gone. So I went in for gambling with renewed spirit. I was enabled to put daily bets on horses, through my husband, who "knew the ropes." I was determined to be content with him if I could, and we had a daily "nap." I was very unhappy, reckless of consequences, determined to win admiration at any cost, and—strange anomaly—I putting my baby to sleep

### With Salvation Songs

One of the first checks I received after my return to the stage was from a young married couple, who were giving a specialist during the performance. The young wife appeared to be a quiet, domesticated little woman; but one night I thought I would go and see their "turn," and, to my horror, I found them both in Salvation Army dress.

### Dancing a "Can-can"

and singing a travesty of the songs I loved so well. It brought back to me my salinity Ensign and other comrades I knew to be holy and consecrated to God. I saw

### The Hell It Was.

and the sight thoroughly broke me down. For the time, I bitterly exclaimed against it, but only to meet with smiles and expressions of surprise that I, an actress, should champion the Salvation Army.

"I believed myself already damned, and therefore, I became more and more reckless as the days went by. The prize for which I had given up

### The Pearl of Greatest Price

I never got. I loathed the society I met with at the music halls, and the burlesque demanded by the tastes of those who frequent such places was peculiarly distasteful to me. I saw the empty side of theatrical life with a vengeance."

During all this time Mrs. Worth was quietly pursuing her way as a soldier of the Hammer-smith Corps, where she was appointed Ward Sergeant, J. S. Sergeant, and ultimately Band of Love Sergeant.

Baby Hyacintho was left much to herself at this time, and it added bitterness to her mother's already very full cup that she was obliged to leave her a great deal to the care of people whose influence was anything but salutary to the opening mind of the clever little spirit, whose powers of imitation were unduly abnormally developed.

### To Powder "Like a man"

was one of Hyacintho's delights, and we have her in the accompanying sketch anointing her red-and-white cheeks preparatory to "dressing up," which was one of her favorite pastimes.

As she stood upon the chair facing the mirror, Hyacintho was a picture of sparkling health. Her toilette completed, she bounded away to array herself in mamma's hat and papa's gloves. Her father was away on tour, and to wear some garment belonging to him was one of her devices for making herself feel him near.

Through the open door of her dressing-room Florence could hear the shrill voice of her darling singing snatches of

### Army Choruses.

caught from her lips when rocking her to sleep. The sound was melodiously music to the backslider, and yet she loved the memory of better days so dearly that she was often found humming them over herself, and liked to hear them from the stainless lips of Baby Hyacintho. Florence never felt so shut out as when in the presence of that little pure soul, who seemed to lack nothing but a pair of wings to make her into an angel.

Looking at her, little three-year-old daughter, and remembering how different she had meant to bring up the child, Florence asked herself bitterly how it would all end.

Would the innocent light in those sweet baby-eyes ever give place to the reckless



"CLEARING THE DECKS."



IMITATING MAMMA.

each time she gazed into her own mirror—a hungry look, which told of

#### A Starving Soul Within!

Those baby-foot whither should they wander in quest of happiness when the baby-joys were all exhausted?

Florence writhed in anguish of soul as she asked herself these questions, and remembered how shallow she had found earthly-brightest waters. Without God and without hope for herself, what chance was there that little Mary would ever know the joy she had once realized when she turned from the glisms of earth to drink of the living fountains of God's grace?

It was a bitter memory and must be banished. If she would preserve her senses.

It is quite true that there are no tears that scorch like the tears of a backslider who has not the courage to return. Florence wept till she had no more tears to shed, and all the while the phantoms for which she had

#### Sold Her Soul.

mocked her desolation and eluded her grasp. There is a terrible monotony in the round of disappointment, failure, and sorrow which dog the steps of those who join the ranks of the deserters—it is all one weary, weary tramp which leads away from the father's house. Would nothing change the course of things?

Yes, there was even then a "new face at the door," but neither Hyacinthe nor Florence saw the shadow.

(To be Continued.)

### Shot and Shell for Saints and Sinners.

#### "I MAKE, JIM, GLAD."

A MAN who was sad and melancholy heard two boys laughing. He asked them: "What makes you so happy?"

"Happy?" said the elder of the two, "why, I make Jim glad, and gets glad myself."

That is a true secret of a happy life: to live so that by our Christian example, our kind words and our loving deeds, we may make glad, someone else.

#### ROUGH ON THE BEACON.

THERE was a deacon in a certain church into whose paw one Sunday, a drunken man staggered, and sat down. The preacher, or was that day, discoursing about provoking popular vices. Soon the preacher exclaimed, "Where is the drunkard?" The drunken man was just far enough gone to think the call personal, so rising, he replied, "Here I am," and remained standing, while the drunkard's character and fate were eloquently portrayed. Then he sat heavily down. A few moments later the preacher reached another head of his discourse, and asked, "Where is the hypocrite?" Gladly nudging his neighbor, the drunkard said in an audible whisper, "Stand up, deacon. He means you this time. Stand up and take it like a man, just as I did! It will do you good!" By this time the drunken man was summarily ejected.

#### ARE YOU LEAVING A STRAIGHT WAKE?

WE are commanded to make straight paths for our feet. A man, now this does not mean straight to-day, crooked to-morrow, but

words, leave a straight wake behind us. Hallelujah! If we look over the stern of a ship under weigh, we can tell at once whether the man at the wheel knows his business or not, by the wake left behind. If the wake is crooked, we say he is not to be trusted; if straight, we may get below and go to sleep trusting ourselves and ship in his hands.

We sometimes hear of Christians making crooked paths, but "brethren, these things ought not to be." Get the Pilot on board, watch your chart (the Bible), and steer straight.

EDWARD MORRIS, Reg. Cor.

#### IS THIS A MESSAGE FOR YOU?

A H. people have no idea what they mean when they say, "I am a Christian." They do not know the meaning of the word. The first forty years were God's training for Moses; but the second would have been self-chosen, and therefore would have only served to unlearn the lessons of the first. God waits for action—after His given experience.

"Had Moses failed to go—had God Granted his prayer—there would have been—"

For him no leadership to win, No pillared fire, no magic rod, No wonders in the land of Sin; No smiting of the sea, no tears Euphrate shed on Sinai's steep; No Nehu, with a God to keep His burial—only forty years Of desert, watching with his sheep. —All the World.

#### "DON'T TELL ME ABOUT HEAVEN."

A MONK on the crowd on the Tuesday night I spent in Berlin, was a hand of young men. The message was a solemn one: "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness," and the crowd was solemn, too. This little group listened quietly throughout the address. When the invitation to the penitent form was given, one of the young men grew very restless and moved about a great deal in the place. A Captain invited him to come out and sit saved at once.

him, describing the judgments of God. "Don't put it off, this may be your last opportunity; don't go to hell when heaven is before you," said the Captain. The young man grew indignant. "Don't tell me about your hell!" said he. "I have Christian parents and am well educated. I belong to the Young Men's Christian Association." The Captain still pressed him, but instead of complying with his request, the young man jumped up, left his seat, and went straight away to a drinking saloon. There he started to mock the Salvation Army by ridiculing the meeting he had just left. "These Salvation people," he said, "have been telling me about hell and the devil; and, only fancy! they said I might die to-day! Me—a young man, with a world before me, and plenty of time to get converted!" In his excitement he stood up, tried to go out, but he fell down suddenly, and was DEAD!—The General.

### HOT SHOT.

#### ENSIGN SIMS.

FADISM: is not holiness. Salvation does not take the place of principle.

God does not sanctify stubbornness. He takes it away.

Talk is cheap—but a real, practical experience is invaluable.

The leader that wounds should never be without healing balm.

To strike a man over another one's shoulder is not a sign of bravery.

God doesn't always give us our Isaac back. Some people take their's back.

If the Salvation Army is good for the parents, it must be good also for the children.

When some people testify that their pride is taken away, decency would be nearer the mark.

A tenth of all our possessions belong to the Lord. Be careful not to misappropriate God's money.

There is no regulation forbidding the treasurers and secretaries from selling War Crys on the streets.

There is a difference between telling the Lord what you want to do, and doing what the Lord wants you to do.

"Be ye angry, and sin not," is often quoted by people losing their temper. It would be safer for them to interpret: "Don't be angry, then you won't sin."

#### How to Successfully Sell War Crys.

GO with a pure motive. Ask the question, "Why do I want to sell War Crys successfully? Is it that I may do as well or better than someone else, or is it that this paper may be a blessing to some one? Do I want to let Jesus speak through this paper to some one's soul, or am I just trying to sell a paper?"

Go with the sunshine of Jesus in your soul. Put the selling into the very hands of Christ and let Him use you as His direct.

Convince the people that there is something in the War Cry worth reading. In one of the stores last week a man showed me an old War Cry on the counter untouched, unread. We need first to know what is in the paper. Then tell the people what is in it. Show them what good things there are in its pages. The prayers, thoughts, experiences that go into the War Cry weekly are there to be read. People who buy the War Cry because they are interested in the person selling, may not be blessed. Getting the people interested in the paper may help to get a regular customer by-and-by. People who have been blessed through its pages will want to buy again.

Note down anything about the people that will be a guide for the next week. Go in a trustful spirit. Have faith in God to open doors, and unlock hearts. Don't worry.

Be prayerful. Ask God's blessing on your district. Ask God to make you a blessing, and expect Him to answer prayer. —CADEE E. J. R.

### Our Mail Bag.

Newcastle, N. B., Nov.

My dear Editor,—My sine of omission in regard to reporting for the War Cry during last three months has been many. Excuse me, please. Here goes for a resurrection.

I was at Peterboro when you last heard from me. I tried to do my duty at that place, but it didn't turn out as I expected. I took it as a compliment to the Salvation Army. Hallelujah! Glory to God! A Presbyterian friend remarked from "the platform," "It must be encouraging to have a word-of-life like that. Well, I should say so, my dear friend; it takes the Salvation Army to do it. Got to Ottawa all O. K. Found my dear old father and mother hard at work and happy as possible, praising God for blessings innumerable. Good home, surrounded by every comfort, working and planning and scheming to bless and help their children. Only thirteen altogether, seven girls and six boys. Two girls promoted to glory—one asked her father if he did not hear the bells ring, and stretching out her arms to heaven shouted, "Come, Lord, come, come, come!" stepped into the christ and away to the glory land, the best of the family, too good for this world. At midnight, alone on the Manitoba prairies, tarping over the top of the rock-bound coast of Newfoundland, standing on the platform facing an excited crowd, I have fancied I have heard the voice of that sister saying, "Tom, go on! Do you hear for Jesus and dying souls." Another sister fighting away as S. A. Captain. Two more evangelists winning souls for Jesus. Another only waiting for an opportunity to enter some work. Still another standing by her husband, superintending Sunday School. Thank God for good sisters. They are a great blessing to me. Five brothers, all saved. Five good and prosperous business men in the great North-West, active Christian temperance workers, out and out for the right every time. Another saved Methodist, doing his best. Still another evangelist in Manitoba. Youngest, good boy. Two more, one an officer in the Salvation Army, the bad boy of the family but generally comes out on top. Dear old father and mother think we are all right. Very proud to have us come home and feel responsible for all hands still being hearty, tender, full of love and sympathy for us all alike. Not wealthy, nor great, but good, hard-working, and happy. Praise God! God bless them all! Nothing like home and mother after all. But I must tear myself away from home and its bewitching memories.

Got to Montreal, visited for a few minutes old battle-field at Point St. Charles. Nice to have somebody glad to see you, is it not? Had just time to call and see some poor little ragged children, who when I first saw them did not have boots to come to meeting. Dear little souls. Parents once very well-to-do, gone down through misfortune. Traces of refinement still, beautiful humble spirit. After some prayer on their girl asked so beautifully, "Do you think if we would ask Jesus that he would bring little brother out of prison?" Ah, those broken hearts and lighted eyes! I was glad to see them again. Visited one more family, Sister Bluffs. Got to Quebec late at night. Spent with my old friend, Captain Parker. Spent pleasant week-end at Campbellton, N. B. Very beautiful people. I intended collecting a little towards my fare. The Captain did not have her travelling. The people gave me \$1 for her. I like my new command. The people are extremely kind. There are three very beautiful little towns in the District. We have not got the advantages many larger places have, but we challenge the Forces for an all round advance on present figures during the next six months. We may appear very small just now, but I would have all remember that small people are generally capable of growing if they are cared for properly. Just give us time and see if we do not make some of the great and mighty places stand a little. If faith in God and hard work will do it, it shall be done!

Yours in the Blood-and-Fire.

T. A. MAGIE, Adt.

The O. K. Review, Brigadier Adair's private paper for officers, says, "Officers lose considerably by not making the most of, and keeping in close touch with their Locals. Ask for and secure their hearty co-operation in all your undertakings."

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printers.